

Reading Is Boring

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Ruffnut

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-08-18 23:45:50

Updated: 2013-08-18 23:45:50

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:53:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,075

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Astrid and Ruffnut hangout in the library to study - but that's no fun, is it?

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AU: Modern Day High school

Ship: Ruffstrid

Prompt: Goofing around in the library. Fluffiness ensues.

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School is sooo boring. Every \_Friday,\_ my 7th period teacher assigns a test for the next week. So, I guess that gives us a ton of time to study. But any kid my age would know that a two day weekend can fly by faster than you can punch someone in the face. After every week, my friends and I all hang out at the library to study. Not really. It mostly involves us goofing around and bothering people who are actually trying to study. Last time we got kicked out because I accidentally beat the crap out of my brother. Not my fault â€" he took the book I was reading.

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Last class of the day and I couldn't wait to go home. Since it was the end of the day I didn't blame myself for slacking off. I mean, everyone else was doing it? I dragged my feet over to the tiny desk where I sat in the corner of the classroom. Mr. Gobber moved me the first day of school. Tuffnut and I usually sit next to each other, but he separated us for being "disruptive". Whatever that means.

My ears perked up when I heard someone take a seat behind me. My lips instantly curved into a smile as I turned around in my chair. There she was – Astrid. She wore her usual dark green shirt, dark red skirt, skull belt, black leggings, and fluffy boots. I think she noticed I was staring so she blushed slightly, hiding behind her long, dirty blonde bangs. She flashed a smile at me and spoke, "Hey, I guess it's just you and me after school today. Tuffnut got detention for- well, being Tuffnut." I snickered and rested my elbow on her desk directly behind mine. "Of course," I responded, leaning my head on the palm of my hand, staring into her blue eyes.

She bat her eyes and hid her face. "Stop, I'm trying to listen to Gobber," She whined with a smile. I hadn't even realized class had already begun. Gobber was teaching us about how to build a catapult for some reason. We were learning Science, but I guess some how he thought it was relevant. We all knew it was only because he had such an undying passion for building things. He didn't really teach us much actually. He just gave us papers and expected us to go off of that.

I tuned him out and turned my attention back to Astrid who was scribbling in her journal. "Hey, I thought you were trying to listen to Gobber?" I questioned with a smirk. She rolled her eyes in response, ignoring my input.

"I want you all to study tonight for your test on Monday. It's a major grade so no slacking!" He exclaimed, eyeing Tuffnut and I. After he was done talking, he left the front of the room and waddled over to his desk.

When the bell rung at the very end of class, you could literally hear sighs of relief echo through the whole school. Astrid stood up out of her chair, slowly, slipping on her backpack. I stood up, slinging my backpack over my shoulder swiftly, linking my arms with hers. Astrid rolled her eyes at me again and lightly elbowed my ribs. We walked down the huge white halls and to, two huge wooden doors. Our school could literally be confused for a hospital if you didn't get the memo. Only, our classrooms had chairs and tables in them – not medicine and scrubs.

We both got into Astrid's used, blue Corolla, fastened our seatbelts, (well, at least she did) and sped off to the library. We could have walked since it was directly adjacent to the school, but hey it's 2013. Astrid had talked to me the previous day about studying today for Monday. She was determined to get a good grade towards the very end of the year and since it was only the two of us, she didn't have any one to distract her from learning. I rolled my eyes so hard, following her into the building where the librarians greeted us with grunts of disapproval.

Astrid dragged me over to the corner where we usually sit, shushing me, and began to start reading the marked textbook Gobber gave us. I flopped down on one of the dramatically large bean bags at Astrid's feet. She hates it when I don't study. Especially when I'm not studying because I'm busy making her not study. I used one of my blue shoes to poke of her leg. When I checked for her reaction I was disappointed. She hadn't even looked up from her book. I straightened my posture and poked her knee with one of my slender fingers. Nothing. I poked her again, harder. Still, nothing.

She was obviously ignoring me, but I was not having this. I groaned and got up from the giant bag to sit down on the hard chair next to her. "I'm bored," I complained. No response, once again. After about 4 minutes of groaning and sighing, she glanced at me quickly. "I saw that!" I exclaimed with a grin while one of the librarians hushed me.

I scooted my chair closer to her and leaned my head on her shoulder â€" she didn't even try to push me off. She put down her book finally when I put my entire arm in front of her face, blocking her view from her "knowledge". "Hey! Pay attention to me! This is so boring over here." I whined when she turned her entire body away from me. I crossed my arms and continued to poke her shoulders, neck, and back.

I hated reading so that wasn't something I was going to resort to. I jabbed my finger on her shoulder once, then twice. She jerked her body around, slamming the textbook on the table. "What do you want!?" She yelled, grabbing the attention of some people. I smirked in triumph â€" leaned forward and pressed my lips to hers quickly. Her blushing, shocked expression soon turned to a flustered, annoyed one.

"Reading is boring. Let's go home." I pleaded with a puppy-dog face. Her scrunched up facial features relaxed as she nodded. "Fine,"

The library is only fun when you're not reading.

End  
file.